

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO., 94.

The Principles of Nature.

BIBLICAL ASTRONOMY.

BY S. C. RHODES.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

I have long been a reader of your excellent sheet, the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and am often very highly delighted with some part of its contents. I do not expect the various effusions of so many minds as come to us through your paper could be all perfectly congenial to my views and feelings. Some of the communications I have wished to answer, but have been otherwise employed. Yet there is one subject of which I consider of great importance, and which I find often commented upon in the *TELEGRAPH*, and that is the true meaning and foundation of those writings which we call the *Bible*. Could that knowledge be diffused abroad among men I consider the benefits resulting therefrom almost incalculable. Let us, then, examine this book. I have perused with some anxiety the speeches of the different speakers of the famed Hartford Bible Convention, and am astonished to find that none of them touched the true foundation and meaning. I propose, in a series of articles on this subject, to illustrate it to its utmost depths, being prepared to trace out from the deep and long buried archives of a remote antiquity the origin, scope, and aim of this allegorical *Mythos*. In doing this I will resort to no hypothesis of my own, but will enforce my position by an exhibition of *FACTS* in which I shall challenge a refutation by any scholar. I will now commence.

The first races of men who found themselves inhabiting this planet led pastoral lives, that is, they kept flocks and herds, and, in order to protect them from the ravages of wild beasts, they were obliged to watch them by night. This occupation gave them leisure and opportunity to study the stars. They soon found that particular stars rose and set in particular positions at particular seasons of the year. They pursued these observations with energy and success, until finally they projected a rude representation of the starry heavens. Those who thus studied and observed the stars formed themselves into a grand confederacy; they assembled in caves and secluded places, unobserved by the vulgar eye, and there each brought the result of his own observation. In process of time they manufactured machinery by which they could imitate the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the *initiated* practiced the mysteries of the "kingdom of heaven." To screen from vulgar apprehension the meaning of these mysteries, they adopted allegorical forms of expression, in which the true sense, being concealed under this "veil" ("mythos" in Egyptian), was not apparent to the uninitiated. The knowledge possessed by this college of astronomers ("Eclectics," "Teleoi," "Mithras," or by whatever name they were called) of foretelling occurrences in celestial phenomena soon inspired vulgar minds with awe. Ignorant men, everywhere, looked upon these oriental, incipient astronomers with veneration, and astronomy thus became religion, and formed the basis of Paganism, which ultimately spread over the earth, embracing all nations and pervading all systems of religion, from the most remote antiquity down to the present day, as there is not a ceremony, a feast, or a fast, of any kind whatever, either in the Jewish or Christian Church, which had not its origin in astronomy, and proves itself descended to us from Pagan ancestors. These will doubtless be regarded by many as very bold statements, but I am fully prepared to substantiate what I have here stated. I will now return to the *Bible*. The first great feature which is there displayed, as a concern of ours, is the garden of Eden, the creation of man and woman, and their expulsion from the garden by the instigation of a serpent. We will then take a text on this subject: "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed."—*Gen. ii. 8.* In the first place this *garden* seems to claim our particular notice. The subject has long engrossed attention by polemics and the religious world. Scientific men have explored almost all Asia to find some vestiges of a position which might be tortured into some resemblance of this far-famed "Eden," but all in vain, and they have returned as ignorant of the subject of their enterprise as the Christian world has ever been of the basis of their own creeds and forms of worship, or of the Deity which they adore. But the "garden," a river with four heads watered this garden, and a name for each of its four heads—the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel, and the Euphrates. Josephus tells us, and the Jews and Christians think him orthodox, that the Pison is the Ganges; the Gihon is the Nile; and the Hiddekel is the Tigris; and the Euphrates is well known; but our geography of this planet locates the heads of those rivers too far apart for their conceptions of the magnitude of this "garden eastward in Eden." Being thus disappointed in research for any earthly location at all answering to this "garden," we are thrown back on other resources, and now we will try to analyze the language which has conveyed to us the terms "garden eastward in Eden." We find, if we trace this to the Hebrew, it is, "Gan be Eden me kay dem," rendered in the Septuagint

Greek, "Paradeisōs," which we resolve analytically into its compounds, "Paridis," among the stars, and which we, by a little clipping without translation, call "Paradise."

We will now pursue the clew thus put in our possession by analytical process, and follow where it may lead us. Being admonished, then, that it is among the stars of heaven, the "aster ourānios," that we must seek, we will return to astronomy. The Zodiac is a broad circle of sixteen degrees in width, reaching quite round the celestial concave. This circle, like all others, is composed of 360 degrees; it was divided into twelve arcs, of thirty degrees each, each arc requiring one month for the sun to pass over it. Now, if you will take a celestial globe, and bring the crest of Cancer to the upper meridian, you will find the horizon at the two equinoxes in Cancer and Libra respectively, thus showing, by including Aries and Libra, an arc of 210 degrees, or seven-twelfths of a circle; with Aries and Libra, the equinoxes, as two pillars on which rest the great "ROYAL ARCH" of heaven, and constituting the dominion of summer—the reign of flowers and fruits. At the covenant, or coming together of the vernal equinox in Aries, men are admonished to cultivate the earth—it is therefore the covenant of works; and at the autumnal equinox, the grains and fruits of the summer months being perpetual, men receive the reward of their toil; this, then, is the covenant of grace. So here we have the true and real "garden of Eden." Now for the proof. Commencing with Aries we count to the sixth arc, or month; we there find the figure of a very beautiful woman, which we call "Virgo," a "virgin in the sixth month," Luke i. 26; in the Adamic projection of the sphere called "Cavah," pronounced Kas-rah, mother of life; in the Chaldaic projection, "Eve;" in the Egyptian, "Isis;" in the Greek, "Ceres;" in Latin, "Maria;" all of these signifying "mother of life." A little to the north of this virgin, this lovely Eve of Paradise, in conjugal proximity, we find the constellation Bootes, the "Joseph" of the Greek Zodiac, whence our word Joseph, who is again the husband of this lovely virgin; in "Phoenician," according to Sanchoniathon, "Ad-ham," whence our word Adam. So here in Paradise we have found Adam and Eve in actual existence.

We will now seek further proofs of our position. Immediately to the south, and lying along the Zodiac, we find the constellation of the Serpent, extending from Cancer to Libra, the length of four constellations; four, being the third part of twelve, thus, "His tail drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven."—*Rev. xii. 4.*

So we have found in this "garden eastward in Eden" the man Ad-ham, the woman Eve, and the great serpent. Now the woman stands, as you see, in this Paradise with the star "Spira Virgina," or "Corn of the Virgin," in the bunch of corn in her left hand, and her right hand extending toward Adham, or Bootes, holding out to him a bunch of fruits, as if enticing him to partake, and he did partake, as you shall see:

"He scrupled not to eat against his better knowledge,
Not deceived, but fondly overcame
By female charm."

Now the serpent is said to *seduce* the woman. "Seduce," from the Latin "seducere," to lead on, to go before, simply a pioneer, and from this act no moral obliquity can attach to his character.

Having so long kept the globe in the position which we first gave it to illustrate, we will cause it to revolve toward the west. Now you see the serpent pioneer leading the woman down out of the garden, while her enamored spouse, as if enticed by the fruit which she holds out to him, follows close, and when, in this descent, the bright star Arcturus, in the left knee of Adham, or Bootes, comes to the western horizon, you will then see rising in the east of the garden the constellation Perseus, clad in armor, with a helmet on his head, wings on his feet, and a breastplate in its proper place; in his right hand he holds up a sword, in form like a Persian cimeter, colored red, to designate the red stars embraced within its outline; while he has in his left hand the writhing serpent whom he, by his rising, is supposed to conquer or put under. You have now the cherubim with the flaming sword, which turns every way to keep the way of the tree of life.

So here we have an astronomical solution of the foundation on which was predicated the garden of Eden, with the expulsion of man, and

"The fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world, with loss of Eden,
Till one greater Man restore us, and regain
The blissful seat."

NOTE.—I am giving lectures on these subjects every Sunday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, at No. 367 Broadway, in this city, where those who wish can hear for themselves, and by the help of diagrams I explain all the most difficult passages recorded in the *Bible*. Admitting, twelve and a half cents. We are investigating the spiritual phenomena, and hold circles at the same place with some considerable success.

Fraternally yours,
S. C. RHODES,

Prof. Biblical Astron., Newark, N. J.

If you know something that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it; and if it is something that will only cause a sigh, bottle it up.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS, PA.

January 22, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

After leaving Randolph, N. Y., I lectured two evenings at Cattaraugus to a good share of the citizens assembled in their large school-house, for they have no church, and are not likely to have, unless Spiritualists build it, for sectarianism is feeble there, and has a poor chance to increase, as it has everywhere where Spiritualism gets a start.

From Cattaraugus I came to Dunkirk, and spent a week in that village and Fredonia and Laoni, and lectured to good audiences in each place. When I lectured last fall in Dunkirk I could find only two or three Spiritualists, and now it is popular there, and is being carried forward with much impetus; and in Fredonia, also a conservative place, it has begun its work, and seems likely to carry the intelligent part of the community very soon over to its teachings, as it already has in Laoni, which is considered one of the converted places.

After closing my lectures in these places, by the earnest request of Judge Judson, of this place, I came along the railroad to Westfield, and then took the stage on a plank road to this place, thirty miles, over a hilly but not unpleasant country, and soon found myself in this scattered village, amid the remnants of a once heavy pine forest. The village has two churches, a Methodist and Universalist; the latter our friends used for my lectures and for spiritual meetings generally; and the other will soon be used by them, if at all, for sectarianism is fast fading from this community. I found a good supply of spiritual books scattered through the families, and well read and understood—a very intelligent and moral community of industrious farmers and villagers. This was one of the early places of spiritual light, although mine are the first public lectures they have had, except those from or through their own mediums, with which they have not failed to be supplied. For a distance of several miles around the village the people are interested in the Harmonial Philosophy, and have mediumships and circles, and succeed well in both the phenomena and philosophy. I have seldom found a place where our friends have made as steady and uniform progress as here, carrying all opposition before them. There have been one or two lectures here to expose the humbug, and have succeeded in betraying to an intelligent community their own ignorance, and gone off ashamed even to look back to see the effect. I hope our traveling friends who carry a lantern with a light in it will not forget to take the route as above described, when convenient, and pay a visit to this station, where they will find kind, intelligent, and firm friends, glad to receive them and see their light shine from the lamps with oil in them, for they have seen enough of the kind that have light written on the outside, with darkness and no oil within. The friends here, and elsewhere where I have been, are circulating your Memorial to Congress, and is making much talk; those who fear and dread the spread of Spiritualism look at it with a sigh or a frown, for experience has already taught them that every effort to investigate, or even to agitate, the subject, results in advancing our philosophy of the cause. To-morrow I shall good-bye the friends here and return to my railroad route, not sorry for my short visit to this quiet home of some two brethren and sisters in the cause of human progress.

Warren, the court-town of this county, has had a jog on Spiritualism by that Mr. Morran of whom I wrote you from Randolph. He has been trying there, as elsewhere, to sell some lectures (verbal) against it; but as they do not sell very well in this region, he will have to try some other tunes now, or turn unto the other side. Both friends and foes who pay their shillings to hear him expose the humbug, consider, so far as I can hear from them, their money thrown away and the time as "spilt milk." I think if he would embody his exposition in a book, it might vie with Mattison's in the market, or there might be one sold to every 100 or 1,000 of some of the spiritual works, and even those few might aid the cause by opening the eyes of the readers to the folly of expositions from the ignorant. The public taste will ever find caterers to sell whisky, tobacco, or ridicule, while the demand lasts, and when that ceases, these peddlers will turn to other employment.

WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM WESTFIELD, N. Y.

January 24, 1854.

What shall we do to be saved from the follies, vices, and sins of modern civilization? is a question often asked me in my travels by Spiritualists. What good does Spiritualism do? is often asked by the opposers; and to both we reply, If our righteousness does not transcend the righteousness of the modern Scribes and Pharisees we shall not enjoy the kingdom of heaven, harmony, or happiness. Perhaps a few words of advice on practical reforms from one who feels the importance, if he does not know the worth, of the Harmonial Philosophy, may be received by some of the numerous readers of the *TELEGRAPH* to profit.

Brother—Sister—If you are in the habit of using strong or alcoholic drinks, leave it off, for it contaminates your system and produces an unnatural condition, and consequently an unhappy one, and ever causes you a degree of suffering which

no momentary excitement or drowning of consciousness can repay, or prepay. Spiritualism has already induced many to do this, and I trust it will all who need this reform.

If you are in the habit of using tobacco, in any of the forms which commerce has fitted it up to sell, leave it off, for it pollutes the body and makes it an unfit temple for a pure spirit to dwell in; besides its filthy and polluting influence and poisonous effects on your body, it causes you to have the horrors or blues, and produces many of the mental troubles that you attribute to other causes, destroying the natural and harmonious action of mind and body; makes you unhappy; and if you are a Spiritualist, or will follow the advice of Spirits or Spiritualists, you will abandon the habit that makes you unhappy, and of which the expense is one of the least evils, and yet very important. Save the expense for the poor, and save the suffering to yourself, and do as hundreds of our brethren and sisters have already done—rejoice in the escape from a bondage to this Satan, cast it out, assert your manhood, and cease to be a slave longer to what you know to be a pernicious habit.

If you hold slaves—white or black—in a cotton field or cotton mill—in a cellar-kitchen or farm-house—on whose humanity and happiness you trample, free them from all bonds that hold them through fear, and bind them by love and attraction to your home and service; make them know and feel their individuality, and make them happy, and they will love and serve you and themselves at the same time, and you will be elevated and made more happy and harmonious thereby. You can turn them out of bondage without turning them out of doors. Spiritualism or humanity does not require that you should turn the poor, ignorant, and mentally weak beings who have long been trampled upon by false institutions of society, aadit to seek freedom and a home in the cold regions and cold charities of this country, but that you should turn them from hating to loving you. Let hatred and fear be expelled and love take their place, and the black and white slavery of our South and North will both soon disappear, and the ignorant and degraded will grow in mind, and all will be more happy.

If you are licentious, abandon at once this soul-polluting practice so common and so horrible in civilization. You deprive yourself of one of the highest and holiest of Nature's enjoyments by perverting and subverting her law, and you never can know and realize true and pure happiness in the conjugal life, for which your nature fits you, until you rise above and are freed from the effects of a vice that sinks this part of your nature to the level of the brutes. This is the besetting sin of civilization, and our present laws and marriage institutions, although prompted and sustained by the purest of motives, tend rather to increase than diminish it. There is a vast amount of licentiousness in the hands of and confined to those who are legally married; and this brings its penalty, and needs to be abandoned as much as that which is scortatory, although the law and public opinion tolerates and often fosters and enforces it. This leads me into too wide a field, and I must leave it for this time by earnestly requesting all Spiritualists to lead pure lives, never violating Nature's laws, or the strictest morals, nor the holiest and purest feelings of our nature in any fellow-being. Never cause suffering or regret in yourself or another being, and you may be harmonious and happy in this part of your nature.

If you are an eater of swine's flesh, abandon it as an article of food, in all its forms, as fast and soon as you can conveniently, for it is constantly engendering in your system scrofula and other cutaneous diseases, and bringing your physical texture more or less in correspondence with it, as the particle assimilates with your body. You can learn this and more by ascertaining the true quality of this food and its correspondence. It is somewhat stimulating food, but entirely unfit for refined systems, especially of children. It is also one of the most expensive, having but thirty-two per cent. of nutrition with all its contaminating properties, and is made from maize or other grain at a loss of several hundred per cent. of human food.

If you use tea or coffee, recollect as you are purchasing and using them, that habit, to which you are the slave, is all the argument you have to sustain you in the expense and trouble, for they neither add to your health nor happiness, and even if they do not contaminate your system as the other articles mentioned above do, they are a burden and a tax that you can easily avoid. Be relieved and made happier and more in harmony with nature and her laws by abandoning their use.

There are many other reforms for the physical life for us to adopt, but my article is long enough. Many Spiritualists are reforming in these and other respects, and thus fitting for a truer, a holier, and a happier life. Things in the outward phase of society will ere long follow these individual refinings, and in addition to these, the Spirit-teachings and Harmonial Philosophy is fast eradicating from the minds the theological calomel that has been lodged there in allopathic or homeopathic doses from the pulpit and press for years past, and this double process of reform and refinement—physical and mental—is already preparing thousands for the true harmonial brotherhood of the race.

WARREN CHASE.

P. S. A few copies of the *TELEGRAPH*, and a few spiritual books, and a few ardent friends in this village (Westfield) are trying to enlighten the people here on the great subject of the age. They found me passing here on my return from Columbus, Pa., to Buffalo and intercepted me, and hold me over to-day to lecture this evening, and regret that my engagements call me on to-morrow. W. C.

"STAR ISLANDS."

BY T. L. HARRIS.

[Poem of Three Unknown Star Islands; being an extract from "An Epic of the Sun."]

The following Poem originated, in the external, under these circumstances: Br. H., in company with Mr. S. E. Brownell, called at the residence of a friend in this vicinity shortly before his departure for New Orleans, and while seated in the family circle, in conversation, was observed to become incapable of natural speech or vision. In a few minutes he became entranced, and while in this condition dictated the entire Poem, with as much rapidity as was compatible with the pen of the scrib. The title was also given, at its conclusion, in the same manner. It is needless, perhaps, to add that it is published as delivered, our copy being a verbatim transcript from the MS of Mr. Brownell, who acted as amanuensis on the occasion:

Slowly ascended in the East

A Planet vast upon my view;

All outward thought and motion ceased,

I rose. My spirit flew,

As flies a soul attracted home.

Strange lights, like lamps, around me shone—

Those lamps were Spirits moving on.

Through a dense grove of firs I passed;

A forest cool, delicious, *cool, cool,*

And black as night beneath my way;

Above, the clouds, without a ray

Within them, whirled as if they were

Dense vapors from a sepulcher;

The air was thick; it seemed to be

Exhaled from out the Land of Death

The charm, the joy, the ecstasy,

The glow, the smile, the breath,

The beating heart, the kindling brain

Departed, and I felt the chain,

The evil, the terror, the despair

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers we are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

Our regular editorial leader is crowded out that we may give place to the favors of our correspondents and to other matters of interest.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

An esteemed female correspondent sends us the subjoined lines, suggested by reading an article entitled "Lights and Shadows," written some time since by our humble self. The poem, a portion of which our friend has extracted, elicited her attention during a season of great affliction. She had been suffering for many weeks from a painful illness—was still a pale and almost powerless invalid—and her smitten heart instinctively responded. At her request she was raised and supported, while, with a trembling hand, and a spirit full of light, which the deepest shadows of a sick room could not darken nor conceal, she embodied our thoughts in the following lines. The versification is sweet and beautiful.—ED.

"The spirit is sometimes veiled in shadows, and there are times when the heart is sad and the soul is dark; seasons when the light that shines in the inner sanctuary burns but dimly. We almost fancy that weeping angels are our ministering Spirits, and a strange influence is around us, like an atmosphere of sighs. Then to us, the earth and all heaven is changed. But the hour of gloom, when the quiet spirit feels that its visions are heavy with earthly vapors, is consecrated to a holy use. The light of earth is withdrawn, that the soul may seek companionship with the invisible. Long had ignorance sought the kingdom of light and the home of the angels far away; but Heaven's great Messenger of peace on earth revealed the kingdom that is within. Sit thou by the gateway of that heaven, and bright beings shall come and go, and be thy companions. When no wind of passion moves the mental deep, and the soul is calm as an unruffled sea, the stars are distinctly mirrored in its still depths. O let the current of thy inner life be smooth and peaceful, and the angels shall see themselves in thee."—SEKHIN, VOL. I., p. 187.

ECHOES.

At this still hour, oh! my Father,
Shadows gather o'er my soul,
Vailing all that's bright and cheering,
Shadows I can ne'er control!

And this heart is sad, and darkened
Is the inner shrine, where borned
Erst a light, which made the tangled
Pathway easily discerned.

Why is this, my Father?—tell me!
Are there weeping angels near?
A strange influence is round me;
Nought but sighs fall on mine ear.

Speak not to me as of yore,
And foreboding tones are filling
The wide waste that lies before!

Wherefore? Ay, I catch the answer—
"Earthly light is but withdrawn;
Seek not for the heavenly kingdom
Far away 'mid fog and storm!

"Heaven's great Messenger proclaimeth,
Not without thee, but within,
Lie the best pool of Siloam;
Wash! and Spirit-light thou'lt win.

"Sit thou by that gateway monthly;
Beings bright shall come and go—
Thy companions—making easy
All thy weight of care and woe!

"When no wind of passion moves thee,
And thy soul is calm and still,
Mirrored stars shall sing together,
Strive to do thy Father's will!"

"Let the current, smooth and peaceful,
Of thy inner life flow on;
Angel voices then shall whisper,
Earth is changed, but heaven is won?"

E. N. A.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

OPENING OF THE BLIND EYES.

The subjoined certificate, extracted from an Eastern paper, furnishes another remarkable instance of the success of Mrs. Mettler as a clairvoyant and healing medium. Perhaps some one of her former doctors, or the priest of the parish, will undertake to show that Mrs. Spore, by some cunning device of the "evil one," has been "hallucinated," and made to think that she reads, and executes the finest needle-work, while she is as blind as ever. This conclusion will very well accord with the general course of reasoning adopted by the opposition to Spiritualism, from which we are left to infer that it is the legitimate function of Satan to remove cataracts, and that his subtleties clear the vision more effectually than all the medicated lotions prepared by the doctors:

SIGNIFICANT TESTIMONY.

This is to certify that I have been, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Mettler, of Hartford, relieved from blindness, which had previously baffled medical science. My age is now fifty-three years; my health has always been poor since about my ninth year. During much of this time I had suffered almost every thing but death; at that time I received an injury from the weight of a log since which I have been growing worse, until about eight years ago, when I became blind in my right eye, by the formation of a cataract over the sight. In fact, I could scarcely discern any thing with either eye, and finally I became entirely blind in both eyes. I have been attended by physicians of known skill and ability. Surgical operations have been made, and every thing done that could be thought of, but without relief. Thus I remained for some three years, without the least hope of ever beholding one ray of light. I was requested to go to Hartford, and see Mrs. Mettler, and get an examination. I did so, where for the first time in my life I found a person who perfectly understood my case, tracing out causes which I had long forgotten. In her examination of my case, she informed me that the sight of one eye was destroyed, and the other remained covered with a cataract. She gave me a prescription, and I commenced her treatment. At this time my neighbors began to abuse me for the course I had taken. But I continued on with the treatment, resolved to get my sight if possible, and I was finally obliged to move away from Manchester, being persecuted and abused until I could not remain any longer, for no reason save that I had gone to Mrs. Mettler with a hope of again seeing this beautiful world, which I have finally accomplished. Some six months since I began to see a little, and am now able to see to read and do the finest sewing. When I first went to Mrs. Mettler my health was so poor that I could not readily get from one chair to another; now I not only see, but am able to do my work.

Just imagine a person situated as I was, and to be thus relieved. It is

out of my power to find language to express the gratitude I feel toward Mrs. Mettler, as well as toward those kind friends who came to see me, advising me to see Mrs. M. It may be truly said, "She is a remarkable woman," and may the light of Heaven flow down upon my persecutors, until the scales of superstition shall fall from their eyes. If by these few lines I may induce some poor sufferer to apply to Mrs. Mettler and obtain relief, then I have responded to the true emotions of my own soul.

MRS. DOTTIE SPOORE.

BOSTON, CR., Jan. 18, 1854.

SLANDERS REFUTED.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel*, on the strength of a correspondent's assertions, having stated that certain persons in Milwaukee had been made insane by Spiritualism, or rendered otherwise pitiable, ridiculous, or exceptionable to an orderly community, an esteemed citizen, Mr. J. D. Spalding, whose wife was one of the persons included in the *Sentinel's* statement, has addressed an earnest letter of refutation to that paper. We quote such portions of the letter as will interest our readers. After defending the intelligence, and orderly and reputable character of the Milwaukee Spiritualists, and their "circle meetings," Mr. Spalding says:

"In regard to our respected fellow citizen, Mr. Pratt and his son. The son has never attended but one circle in this city, and that was at the request of both his father and mother for his special benefit. According to the mother's statement, he had then been deranged about ten days, in consequence of an injury of the head long before, which has produced severe headache and other disturbances, at various times since. I saw him at the commencement of the circle. He appeared deranged. There were four mediums present, neither of them knew any thing of his condition till that time. But they immediately perceived his condition, were attracted to him, and induced to apply water and manipulations to his head till he became perfectly calm and went into a quiet sleep.

"In about half an hour he awoke perfectly rational, and if he could have remained under a treatment as well adapted to soothe a disturbed brain, he would have continued rational.

"So much for circles making him deranged!

"As to the father, he has attended but very few circles. I have seen him frequently, and conversed with him freely, up to this time, and consider him vastly more sane than many who are crying about his insanity. He is, undoubtedly, a medium, and that is all. But medical jurisprudence, I believe, has not yet decided that all mediums are insane. When it does, and when all such are to be imprisoned, at least a hundred and fifty of our respectable citizens, male and female, will be transferred from their families and business to the jail. And more—many a merchant, throughout the whole country, will be taken from behind his counter, many a lawyer from the bar, many a judge from the bench, and many a clergyman from the desk, and transferred to a cell."

REV. MR. PEASE AND HOT CORN.

The Rev. Mr. Pease having been variously charged with being concerned in the sale and profits of Solon Robinson's "Hot Corn" volume, and the charges being likely, unanswered, to damage the interests of the "Five Points House of Industry," over which he presides, Mr. P. has addressed the following letter to the public journals:

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Much advice, and some little denunciation, have been bestowed on me gratuitously, in relation to the book entitled "Hot Corn." By some I am called upon to disavow it, and by others to stand by it; and one religious institution, while washing its hands of the publication, with some simplicity invites editors "to associate him (the author) as much as they please with the Rev. L. M. Pease." I regret to be unable to gratify the wishes of any of these kind friends; but as there appear to be two respectable parties in the community, on the merits of "Hot Corn," and as I have never been concerned either in the authorship, the responsibility, or the profits of that work (except involuntarily), I must decline to decide between those parties. I need not say that I have more serious work on hand than the reading of tales, and I know nothing of the inside of Mr. Robinson's book, except that it contains some incidents related to him by me; and even this knowledge is scarcely personal, as I have never found time to read those incidents in any form, since they fell from my lips. The book, however, was recommended by persons of character who had read it, as well as by the personal merits of the author, and no motive existed for declining the generous donation of the entire profit on such copies as might be called for by our visitors. But since it has attracted the attention and censure of another class of judgment, the Board of Directors have taken it under their notice, at my request, and if the sale at this Institution is deemed by them either improper or inexpedient, it will of course cease."

Mr. Robinson himself has been favorably known to us as an ardent and philanthropic volunteer, who has written and labored for us, and spoken at our concerts, with great success, at his own suggestion, at his own expense, and on his own responsibility, as all other persons are at liberty to do. We can only wish there were more people so disposed; and we freely invite all who would "seek to identify themselves" with us in this way, to do us all the good they can; assuring them that although the House of Industry will be distinctively a *Christian* institution, while the subscriber has any connection with it, it will be useless for any particular kind of Christians or men, to attempt to impress it with their peculiar views of theology, politics, or what not, or to proscribe others from co-operating in a work common to all who have human form and feelings.

L. M. PEASE.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1854.

Mr. BENJAMIN EVANS, of Bellevue, writes that, despite of the strong opposition to Spiritualism in his place, a number of mediums have been developed for different modes of communication, the discourses given through whom are of such a character that the opposition can not gainsay. Our correspondent himself was for some time a disbeliever in the spirituality of the phenomena of the day, but was finally convinced through the instrumentality of Rev. A. W. Rogers, who, as a spiritual clairvoyant, gave so many accurate descriptions of the diseases of different persons, that he could not doubt the interposition of a super-sensuous intelligence in his case. In consequence of the crowded state of our columns, our correspondent will please excuse our not printing his communication entire.

A lady (C. H. S.), writing from Van Elsterville, Chemung Co., N. Y., expresses regret at having seen, in reading *THE TELEGRAPH*, "that in some of the 'manifestations' the Spirit of Antichrist discloses itself—a disposition to dethrone, or rather to take the throne instead of the lawful heir, the Prince Emmanuel." She however expresses a hope that this war of principles may be of short duration, and that justice, truth, and love will speedily triumph. We advise our sister to be not in the least alarmed. Ancient prophecy foretells a mighty war of principles to occur in the latter days, but this war is to close with a total discomfiture of the foes of truth and righteousness, and to be succeeded by the "new heaven and the new earth." Truth is of God and is omnipotent; error is factitious, and contains the seeds of its own destruction. Why, therefore, should we fear?

Mr. AMOS CRANDALL, of Veteran, writes that before any thing was heard of the "Rochester Knockings," his mind was mysteriously impressed with the strongest conviction that the world was on the eve of some most remarkable event. Mr. C. is probably not aware that thousands of persons had similar impressions which they could not fully account for, and which they now find are beginning to be verified in the existing phenomena. These impressions were doubtless caused by the voice of true prophecy speaking from the spiritual world to their interior natures.

We received, some days since, \$1 from Jesse G. Websters, Hulmeville, Pa., for the Blind Man, which we have appropriated as directed by the benevolent donor. Also, since our last issue, \$25 from a benevolent lady of this city, whose name we do not mention. Likewise, \$1 from A. E. Noble, Port Huron, St. Clair County, Michigan.

We are requested to state, as the reason for the withholding of Mr. Fernald's name from the "Life and Compendium of the Writings of Swedenborg," that there were other hands beside his employed on the work.

THE SACRED CIRCLE.—We are beginning to receive sub-

scriptions for the new Magazine, and hope to issue the first number some time in March. Messrs. Edmonds and Dexter will probably return from the West before the close of this month.

Warren Chase is now lecturing in Ohio on spiritual subjects, and may be addressed, until the first of March, at Cleveland, care of Dr. Underhill.

We will return those slips if they can be found among the masses of unpublished matter.

Just imagine a person situated as I was, and to be thus relieved. It is

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received a long communication, purporting to be dictated by the spirit of Daniel Webster, through the mediumship of J. F., the salient point of which, stripped of its redundant verbiage, is, that for the purpose of supplying the demand on earth for new and true Church, a Missionary Association has been organized in the ultra-mundane spheres, the members of which will occasionally visit their famishing brethren in the "rudimentary state," and impart to them the unerring teachings of "nature's laws."

So the inhabitants of the earth are advised to get rid of their prejudices, acknowledge the law of progression, and keep a sharp look out for what's coming. We have no disposition either to deny or to affirm that the spirit of Daniel Webster had any connection with the production of this communication; but we deem it proper here to make this general suggestion, for the benefit of all mediums, and the readers of the lucubrations, often crude and pointless, which are being written by their hands: If any one will try the experiment of taking a magnetically susceptible person, or medium, and asking the latter to write as he wills him to write, he will find that by a strong exertion of the will he can cause him to write a page, or any other amount of matter, the thoughts of which were in general foreign to the medium's mind; and on examining what is written, the operator may recognize the general drift, or, at least, many of the features, of his own thoughts intended to be impressed. They will, however, lack the force, brilliancy, and pointedness which they had in his own brain, and the forms of expression and general style will be much characterized by the qualities of the medium's mind. Now the process by which Spirits impress mediums to write is undoubtedly precisely the same with that which we have here supposed, and if there is in one case a blending of the qualities of the impressing and impressed minds, so there is in the other. If this suggestion is

borne in mind, Spirits who communicate with the world will be relieved from the otherwise apparently just charge of having intellectually degenerated after leaving the mortal form, so as to be incapable of the vigor and accuracy of thought which they possessed while in the earthly life.

In the light of this suggestion mediums may be advised to *study well* their impressions before committing them to the world in writing, and then to give them only as the thoughts which they were capable of receiving from the *mentally stimulating magnetism* of the Spirit whose will acted upon them at the time. Thus the responsibility of a vast amount of inane trash, claiming a spiritual origin, will rest upon those to whom it justly belongs, and the intellectual character of the spiritual world will be saved from unmerited disgrace.

THE SEERESS OF PREVOR.—We have just had an interview with Dr. W., a German physician of this city, who informed us that Mrs. Hauffe, known as the "Seeress of Prevor," was a cousin of his, and that he was well acquainted with her and her psychological experiences. He fully confirms the general facts in her history, as related by Dr. Kerner, concerning her daily intercourse with Spirits, and the remarkable physical as well as mental phenomena of which she was the medium, and states that by far the most interesting facts in her spiritual history were omitted by Dr. K., who was not permitted by the government to publish them. My informant, and other relations and connections of the "Seeress," had ample time to study these phenomena, as they were of daily occurrence for nearly seven years. The door of the room occupied by the Seeress would often be seen open, as if for the admission of a person, and then close again; and sometimes a door on the opposite side of the apartment would immediately open and close in the same manner, as if the person entering had passed through that room into another; and yet the agent of these movements would be invisible to all but the Seeress, who would describe a Spirit as having just passed through the room. A person might quietly reading in her room, when the book would suddenly fall out of his hands, transported to another part of the room, and then would perhaps be returned to him again by the same invisible hand. Pictures hanging on the walls would in like manner be mysteriously moved, and tables, chairs, etc., would dance around the room, all by the action of this invisible agent, which the Seeress would describe as a Spirit. Many facts of this kind are recorded by Dr. Kerner in his admirable biography of this Spiritual medium; but among those which he was not permitted by government to publish were several instances in which, by information received from her Spirit-guides, the Seeress disclosed the most secret history of several persons, with all their crimes and corruptions. It may not be improper to say, in this connection, that Kerner's biography of the Seeress of Prevor is for sale at this office, and may be read with interest and profit by all who are engaged in the investigation of spiritual subjects. The Seeress died upward of twenty years ago, and consequently long before the recent and more general unfolding of Spiritualism had its origin.

A REMARKABLE INTERPOSITION.—Dr. George De Benneville, who immigrated to this country a little over a century ago, and settled at Germantown, Penn., was a physician and Anabaptist preacher, and, like many other persons of that persuasion, was subject to many interesting psychological and spiritual experiences. Some of these we may relate hereafter; but our purpose at present is to mention a remarkable interposition by which he was saved from suffering while on a mission of love to suffering humanity.

The old gentleman was in the habit of frequently making a journey among the Indians, healing their diseases, and instructing them in the medicinal uses of such simple herbs as the forest everywhere produced.

One time, while on his road through the forest, he was overtaken by night, and did not dare to go either forward or backward, lest he should lose his path. He had no means of lighting a fire, and the weather was cold enough to be quite uncomfortable. He, however, laid him down at the foot of a large tree, and, with an implicit trust in Divine Providence to protect him from the inclemency and the fury of wild beasts, he soon fell into a profound slumber. At daybreak he awoke, felt a genial warmth covering spread over him, and on opening his eyes saw a huge black bear so reclining over and against him as to impart the warmth of its own body, without pressing much weight upon him! The bear looked him in the face, arose, and quietly walked off, and the good man went on his way rejoicing. My informant, the Rev. A. C. Thomas, received this account from the descendants of Dr. De Benneville, with whom he is personally intimate.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE INDIANS.—All primitive nations, during their simplicity, and while uncorrupted by the sensualisms of artificial life, have believed in, and professed to enjoy, intercourse with supra-mundane intelligences. We find in our note-book an example of this fact as occurring among the Indians at the Sault of St. Mary, in the year 1764, as related by a Mr. Henry, who, we believe, was an eye-witness of the facts. The Indians of the tribe assembled and erected a strong-built wigwam, and placed the priest's tent in the middle of it. A considerable quantity of tobacco was then brought, and as the priest offered it up in sacrifice to the tutelar Spirits or divinities of the tribe, confused preternatural voices were heard, and the whole wigwam commenced shaking. The priest then claimed to receive revelations from the Spirits respecting their English enemies. Many passages might be quoted from Cotton Mather and other writers concerning the customs and beliefs of the North American Indians, to prove that they had, as they claimed to have, intercourse with Spirits.

SKETCHISM DRUMMED OUT.—S. W., of Plymouth, N. H., recently writing to this office, states the following case: "Mr. B., of this place, seventy or eighty years of age, and who has been through life a most confirmed skeptic, was visited by his son from the West, who was a medium. Mr. B. attended a circle, when a Spirit, claiming to be that of his grandfather, who had been dead some sixty or seventy years, and who was a drummer in the revolutionary army, announced his presence by raps. Mr. B., with much *sang froid*, requested the Spirit to identify himself by playing a certain tune, which he named, with which the grandfather had often amused him when a small lad, and which he had never heard played by any other person. In a short time a few raps were heard, as a preliminary, and then the Spirit rapped out the tune in most beautiful style, and so loud as to be heard all over the house, to the great astonishment of many."

SPIRITUAL SIGNALS.—Among the facts of Spirit-intercourse stated by Rev. Wm. West, of Philadelphia, at a recent conference at this office, was, that a medium became possessed by a Spirit in his presence, and began to perform all the motions of fencing with a sword, and finally fell, as if pierced, and apparently died. Pulsation and breathing were suspended, and he presented all the appearances of a corpse, but anon he awoke and resumed his natural state as if nothing had happened. The Spirit then communicated its name, which was that of one of Mr. West's ancestors, who fought and fell in the Irish rebellion of some sixty years ago. Mr. West then asked him what was peculiar to the regiment to which he belonged: when the Spirit, through the medium, drew the figure of a skull and cross bones, and wrote over it the motto, "Death or glory." The speaker said that

allusion was made, also, to the power of Spirits to influence speakers in legislative bodies unconsciously to themselves. In addition, some statements were made with respect to the condition and occupation of Spirits after leaving the body. The discourse was listened to with much attention, and was exceedingly eloquent in many parts.

[Mrs. French displayed a degree of power in her action and utterance which could scarcely have been equaled by any living woman, and which greatly astonished her hearers. It was understood that the Spirit who controlled Mrs. F. purported to be Daniel Webster, though this was not affirmed by the speaker.—Ed.]

Dr. J. GRAY read the following communications from a mother and brother to a young girl, who had entered upon the downward path of life, and who has been reclaimed. He took pleasure in presenting them, as they had produced a result which answered the frequently propounded question, "What practical good is there in these manifestations?"

[The Spirit-messages read by Dr. Gray are omitted in this connection, that they may be used with other facts relating to the history of the person referred to. The case is one of the deepest interest, and will be published as soon as we can obtain all necessary information from reliable sources.—Ed.]

Mr. WHITE, a medium, of Troy, who was said by Mr. Britton to be unable in his ordinary condition to write any consecutive paragraphs, delivered a very beautiful poem, in blank verse, on bigotry and superstition, illustrating the subject by massive descriptions of nature, clothed in forcible and appropriate expressions. It was listened to with profound attention.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS.

We have seldom read a more entertaining volume than this record of Mrs. Mowatt's professional life. Though bearing the sub-title of "Or, Eight Years on the Stage," the autobiography is by no means confined to her life upon, and in connection with, the stage. It begins with her birth, and traces her eventful life up to the moment when she is penning (in obedience to a promise) the pages of her fascinating volume. There is no other class of writings to which the reading world is so attracted as to those which are personal. The biography charms us by its parallels and contrasts with the experiences of our own lives; the autobiography charms us still more, since we feel it to be one's confession of his or her own experiences and fortunes; and if our histories are to be told or written, who so versed in the subject, and so competent to discuss them, as ourselves? That is, supposing we have the capacity to speak for ourselves. No one, at all familiar with the public repute of Mrs. Mowatt, can doubt her capacity. One who has betrayed such skill and power in the creation and delineation of character, for that mimic stage on which the tragedies and comedies of human life are often so faithfully rendered, could lack nothing requisite to a vivid picture, when she had only to daubertotype, from personal records and memory, her own history and self.

It is several years since Mrs. Mowatt surprised the American public by her authorship of two very successful dramas—"Fashion" and "Armand, or the Child of the People." Considerably prior to this, she had, under a *nom de plume*, published a volume of verse, and a defense thereof, titled "The Reviewers Reviewed." She had been known, also, in the channels of magazine literature, and had compiled various books of the "Complete Cook Book" order. But until the rise of her star as a dramatic writer she was unknown to the public. We have failed, in the perusal of her volume, to discover her age; but if the fine, glowing portrait with which the book opens is an indication, we should judge her to be now in the very bloom of life.

Mrs. Mowatt's maiden name was Ogden. Her father, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, was long an eminent merchant of this city, and was one of the capitalists of the famous Miranda Expedition, which failed in a revolutionary attempt designed to liberate South America. Mrs. Mowatt, however, was born at Bordeaux, in France, and to her early years being passed in that country has been doubtless owing something of the vivacity and sparkle of her after life, as traced in this volume. By the way, we must not omit that her mother was the daughter of Francis Lewis, and granddaughter of that Francis Lewis who signed the Declaration of Independence. She was yet a child when her residence was transferred to this city. Most naively does she describe those childish years—their pastimes and impressions; her school-days, and her being wood and wot at the age of fifteen, by Mr. Mowatt, a member of the bar, and a gentleman of fortune. At this early period she betrayed her dramatic tastes, in the production of private representations—miniature tragedy and comedy—for the amusement of the home circle. A few years of joyous, sunshiny, married life, in which the record of a visit to Europe sparkles, and reverses in her husband's fortune, called for some more earnest and exalted action on her part. She had only to see the necessity to give up her energies and act. She appeared (first at Boston) as a public reader of her favorite authors. She was successful, and in other cities repeated her triumphs. Magazine authorship followed, and at length came those dramatic productions which have given her a wide and honorable fame.

It is not possible, short of transcribing her volume, to convey more than a faint impression of the changing scenes Mrs. Mowatt describes up to this period of her life. Then came, to meet new reverses, her appearance and triumphs on the stage. It is a thrilling history, the chapters divided between the New World and the Old; for she was equally successful at home and abroad. Interspersed with all this experience flows a vein of genial criticism upon men, women, institutions, and professions, including a noble defense of the drama. Her conversion from the tenets of the family faith (Episcopal) to that of Swedenborg, and the trial of her heart by the illness and death of her husband in a foreign land—these must be read to be appreciated. Indeed, the whole volume merits to be read by all who have sympathy for the beautiful and heroic in woman's character and life. But there is one chapter in her biography that, we think, will be especially interesting to our readers. It is one which treats of her initiation into the mysteries of mesmerism, and of her indebtedness, on the score of health and life, to that subtle and mighty agent. We omit from the chapter so much as relates to her conversion, by means of mesmerism, to the faith of Swedenborg, her interview with Dr. Channing, etc. And we can not help the reflection, that if mesmerism was able to exalt the mind and sympathies of Mrs. Mowatt, in a how much greater degree might a more enlarged spiritual experience exalt her. She has taken one great step on the road toward the highest perceptions of truth; there is still another and a greater—a clear spiritual insight and consciousness. But we must close our extended notice by leaving the reader to the consideration of the following chapter.

The illness which I mentioned in the preceding chapter was of long duration. As a faithful historian, fulfilling a trust, I can not omit the narration of events which were produced by that illness. But I allude to them with reluctance—a reluctance which has, perhaps, no reasonable foundation.

Dr. C.—, of New York, was called in to attend me. He considered my state dangerous. On the occasion of his first visit, after numerous inquiries in regard to my symptoms, he turned to Mr. Mowatt, and said, "If she is susceptible to mesmerism, I think she can be relieved more readily than by any medicine that I could administer."

Mr. Mowatt had not any knowledge of mesmerism, nor had I. We had never seen a mesmerist—never heard a case fully described. Strongly objected to my being made the subject of an experiment. An argument ensued which I did not hear. It ended in Dr. C.—'s assurance that I might be greatly benefited by mesmerism, but could not be injured. Mr. Mowatt finally assented to the doctor's proposition. I was suffering too much to express an opinion, or even to have

When Dr. C.— first proposed to mesmerize me, I was reclining in an arm-chair. The doctor now placed himself in front of me. I remember his making what were called "passes" before my eyes. Very soon my head grew slightly dizzy. The room seemed tilted with a dim darkness—the objects began to dance and float, and then to disappear. I recollect nothing further.

I was afterward told that in less than twenty minutes I fell into a very deep sleep, from which I suddenly emerged into a state of somnambulistic consciousness. A similar deep sleep, I am assured, always subsequently preceded my state of mesmerism. It was the drawbridge separating the waking from the "sleep-waking" state, over which I had inevitably to pass.

It should be stated that, from childhood, I had been occasionally addicted to natural somnambulism, and had repeatedly been caused to walk and talk in my sleep. It is said that persons of this habit are especially susceptible of the mesmeric influence.

On being awakened from the state of somnambulism, I felt very much relieved and refreshed. The fever from which I had been suffering had nearly left me, and my head, which had ached incessantly for three days, was free from pain. I had slept between two and three hours.

To mesmerism, under Heaven, I must believe, I was subsequently indebted more than once for relief from a prostration which no other human agency could have prevented from ending in dissolution.

Dr. C.— attended me daily, and continued to use mesmerism as the most powerful agent in my restoration. I soon grew impatient at this apparent surrender of free will—of Heaven's choicest gifts to man. I was annoyed at being told that I had spoken, done, or written things of which I had no recollection. Numerous powers were now placed in my hands, which, I was informed, had been improved as rapidly as they could be taken down, the subjects having been given haphazard by any person present. It was no particular gratification to be assured that I had never produced any thing as good before. Nor was it any consolation to be told that in sleeping I was made more sensible, more interesting, and more amiable than in my

ordinary state. With womanly perverseness, I preferred my every-day imperfection to this mysterious and incomprehensible brought about superiority. For the former I was at least responsible—to the latter I could lay no conscientious claim.

I say *conscious* claim; though it must be admitted that there may be *separate states of consciousness*. In the phenomena of this separation the student of human nature may, I believe, find the clue to innumerable truths. The essential facts in ordinary somnambulism will not be denied, except by those awfully rigorous inquirers who will accept nothing which they can not weigh, gauge, and handle, and who are quite as likely to be deceived as the most credulous, inasmuch as the skepticism which admits too little is as liable to mistake as the marvelous propensity which admits too much. But if pretenders to science will not grant it, common experience and common sense will, that a person in somnambulism may hold long and rational conversations, and perform acts, of which he will have no recollection whatever in his waking state. Let him again pass, however, into somnambulism, and he can recall every thing that he ever experienced in that state.

It would seem, from this common and undeniable phenomenon, as if there were an inner consciousness occupying a higher plane than the external, and commanding more extensive prospect—a consciousness undeveloped in most minds, except by flashes, and retiring within itself before the external can distinctly realize its presence.

How shall we account for the thick veil of separation, dropped at once by the cessation of somnambulism (whether independent or induced by mesmerism) between the normal and abnormal—the external and internal consciousness? An analogy drawn from intoxication or insanity is not precisely applicable here; for, under somnambulism, one may be as calm and rational, and as completely in possession of all his faculties, as ever in his waking state; nay, those faculties may be considerably quickened and exalted. And yet a wave of the mesmerizer's hand will bring the subject back from the higher to the lower every-day consciousness, where all that he has been saying and doing in his somnambulic state is an utter blank! Another wave of the hand—or an access of natural somnambulism, entirely independent of mesmerism—and lo! all the knowledge of the former state is restored, as if a curtain had been lifted.

Townshend mentions an illustrative instance of the wonderful separation of these states in the case of E. A., a French youth, whom he was in the habit of mesmerizing. When awake, E. A. entertained infidel opinions of the worst kind. "I asked him, once, in his waking state," writes Townshend, "what he thought became of us after death and his answer was, 'Des gout's est mort, on n'est plus rien de tout.' In sleep, walking all this was changed. His ideas of the mind were correct, and singularly opposed to the material views he took of all questions when in the waking state. 'Can the soul ever die?' I asked. 'Certainly not. It is the soul which is the only true existence, and which gives existence to all we apprehend.' Under mesmeric sleep-waking, all the hard incredulity which characterized E. A. when awake was gone. His willfulness was become submissiveness, his pride humility. Often would he regret the errors of his waking hours."

Instances similar to the above are numerous. Truly we are wiser than we know. In the mind of the most stubborn materialists there may be an inner consciousness giving the lie to its outward unbelief—a consciousness which may be developed in some tremendous moment, perhaps in "the last of earth," to confound and overwhelm him, and to raise, as by a lightning flash, his edifices of intellectual pride and presumption. George, a distinguished French physician, and author of several scientific works advocating the broadest materialism, was converted to a conviction of his error by witnessing the phenomena of somnambulism. Dying, he left a formal retraction of his philosophy, and his last moments were brightened by the serene confidence in an hereafter for the soul.

Ever since the "livery of Heaven" was stolen "to serve the devil in," it has been done by Miss Martineau, and her ally, Mr. Atkinson, in their atheistical work, in which they undertake to make some of the facts of mesmerism and somnambulism subservient to the cause of blank atheism and unbelief. I can say it boldly, that so far as I have been permitted to bring impressions and recollections (which the mesmerizer, by an act of his will, may *let* us to the waking consciousness of the somnambule) from my own ample somnambulic experience (far ampler and more extraordinary than any which Miss Martineau, according to her own showing, has either experienced herself or witnessed in others) they contradict, most emphatically, not only all her atheistical conclusions, but many of the loosely-assumed facts on which these were based.

There is one passage in her work which indicates such an extent of fatuity, such an ignorance of the actual phenomena from which she professes to reason, and such an absurd anticipation of great results from a cause ridiculous, inadequate and impulsive, that I must be pardoned for quoting it: "The knowledge," she says, "which mesmerism gives of the influence of body on body, and consequently of mind on mind, will bring about a morality we have not yet dreamed of. And who shall dispute his nature and his acts when we can not be sure at any moment that we are free from the *clairvoyant* eye of one who is observing our actions and most secret thoughts, and our whole character and history may be read off at any moment?"

Here is a substitute for the omniscient eye—such a substitute, also, as no healthy mind could ever have seriously suggested, even supposing the capacity of human clairvoyance to be what Miss Martineau imagines. Let conscience (she substantially tells us) once rid itself of a belief in God and a future state, and it will be kept right by the fancy that there may be some obscure somnambulist—will suppose in Oregon, in Hindostan, or nearer home—perhaps some poor, feeble, little woman—who may have the power and intention of scanning our actions and thoughts! What a substitute have we here for a belief in a just and benevolent God! What an agency for bringing about a morality we have not yet dreamed of! Alas! that any person of intelligence—above all, that a woman—should from her intellectual "pride of place" fall into such a wretched "clough of despond" as this, and persuade herself that it is a bed of flowers!

If Miss Martineau knows anything accurately of *clairvoyance*, she must know that its recognitions are almost always involuntary—flashing and vanishing like the lightning. Instances of *clairvoyance*, originated and sustained of will, are so rare, that I have heard of no one case in which any of the numerous offers of money for *clairvoyance* and readings of concealed writings has been accepted.

Let me commend to Miss Martineau the following true and eloquent passage by one of her own countrymen, the author of "Church and State": "Try to conceive a man without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An animal, endowed with a memory of appearances and facts, might remain; but the *man* will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field; upon the bony *it* go, and dust it eat all the days of its life!"

Ah, no! It is not to such a degradation that a knowledge of the *real* facts of some somnambulism would lead us. They have none of vapor of the charnel-house about them which Miss Martineau's imagination would import. They are all of a cheering, elevating, and inspiring character. They lift our thoughts ever to another and a better life—to heaven, and to anticipations.

"Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there In happier beauty; more pelucid streams, An ampler ether, a diviner air,

And fields invested with purpler gleams;

Clouds which the sun, that sheds the brightest day Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

The question, "whether the soul thinks always," is decided by Locke in the negative, on the ground that after-consciousness is the only testimony we can have of the mind's activity; and that since we are by no means *conscious* that we think always, we ought not to assume that we *do* think always. I believe, with Townshend, that in this notion Locke was fundamentally wrong; for, equally with Townshend's somnambulist, I have the testimony of my fellow-beings that the state which, once ended, appeared a blank to me, was, in truth, "marked by energy and activity of the highest order."

On one point I felt a degree of satisfaction—though, perhaps, it was only a proof of my natural obstinacy. They told me that I was what is called an *independent somnambulist*; and that I could, at any time, defeat the will of the mesmerizer, unless I chose to submit. It was also told me that my reasoning faculties were singularly developed under somnambulism, and that I often maintained opinions at variance with those of the mesmerizer and of others with whom I was in communication, especially on religious subjects. These opinions I could not be forced to relinquish or recant, or even through the exertion of a superior will.

To return to my mesmeric experience. "I have seen you," writes a friend, "several hundred times in the somnambulic state, during a period extending over three years. The peculiarities which distinguished it were most remarkable. Your eyes, in this state, when you were particularly animated, would be tightly closed, and yet there would be a luminous expression on your countenance which could hardly have been equalled with the aid of open eyes. Generally the eyelids were hung loose, and slightly open; and then it could be seen that the balls were always so rolled up that they could not be a medium of vision. During the months and years that I saw you almost daily in this state, I could never detect the waking expression on your face. Whatever might occur to startle or surprise, never, by any accident were your eyes thrown open as they would have been awake."

It was remarked by all that your voice was much more soft and childlike than usual. Indeed, your whole manner would be changed, as if you had become once more as a little child. You would always allude to your waking self, or material body, in the third person, as *she*. For instance, you would say, "She isn't hungry" never, by any inadvertence, "I am not hungry." It was rather unpleasant to you to be confounded with your physical person. It was sometimes a little embarrassing to others to keep your identities distinct, and they would often confound the two in conversation. But the distinction would be never lost for a moment by yourself.

The distinction would be never lost for a moment by yourself. To you, the existence of spiritual body, distinct from the natural, seemed a consciousness as vivid as that which assures us that we breathe and move. The words of St. Paul, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," were to you something more than a figure of speech—they were a literal truth, not to be explained away or darkened by any ingenuity of commentators or dogmatism of theologians.

Your household duties and accustomed functions would be discharged by you in the somnambulic state with perfect convenience, and with a promptitude quite exemplary. You would frequently take your meals in this state, and, if your magnetizer were present, you would manifest the phenomenon of sympathy of taste in a marked and satisfactory manner—telling whether he was taking salt or vinegar, pepper or mustard, etc., when he might be held a screen. At night, before the lamps were lighted, you would have a decided advantage over all others in the room in your ability to read, write, or work, while the rest of us might not be able to see our hands before us.

I have several specimens of your somnambulic handwriting, in the form of monograms and flowers arranged most tastefully on paper, and the whole executed in my presence while I was in the somnambulic state. They were penned by you in utter darkness, and, strange to say, the handwriting is greatly superior to your usual easy chirography, and would not be supposed to be from the same hand.

Your conversation was more marked by fluency and confidence (especially on religious subjects) than in your ordinary state. But as I looked mainly to the palpable phenomena of your case, I took little note of your opinions. Still I was not insensible to the psychical phenomena continually presented. They were too numerous to recount in this rapid summary. "The *merrier trifles*," says a philosopher of our day, "are interesting that suggest to us an action was independent of his present organization." Now, mesmericism comes with more than slight indications of this; and we should trace up such glimmerings of futurity—however faint, and however presented to us—as ineffectual proofs that we possess a germ of being which God permits us to behold partially unfolded here, in order to confirm our faith to the present. It was no particular gratification to be assured that I had never produced any thing as good before. Nor was it any consolation to be told that in sleeping I was made more sensible, more interesting, and more amiable than in my

ordinary state. With womanly perverseness, I preferred my every-day imperfection to this mysterious and incomprehensible brought about superiority. For the former I was at least responsible—to the latter I could lay no conscientious claim.

I say *conscious* claim; though it must be admitted that there may be *separate states of consciousness*.

In the phenomena of this separation the student of human nature may, I believe, find the clue to innumerable truths. The essential facts in ordinary somnambulism will not be denied, except by those awfully rigorous inquirers who will accept nothing which they can not weigh, gauge, and handle, and who are quite as likely to be deceived as the most credulous, inasmuch as the skepticism which admits too little is as liable to mistake as the marvelous propensity which admits too much.

But if pretenders to science will not grant it, common experience and common sense will, that a person in somnambulism may hold long and rational conversations, and perform acts, of which he will have no recollection whatever in his waking state.

Let him again pass, however, into somnambulism, and he can recall every thing that he ever experienced in that state.

It would seem, from this common and undeniable phenomenon, as if there were an inner consciousness occupying a higher plane than the external, and commanding more extensive prospect—a consciousness undeveloped in most minds, except by flashes, and retiring within itself before the external can distinctly realize its presence.

How shall we account for the thick veil of separation, dropped at once by the cessation of somnambulism (whether independent or induced by mesmerism) between the normal and abnormal—the external and internal consciousness?

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PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Interesting Miscellany.

POETIC SPIRITS.

The note which introduces the subjoined lines contains all that need be said respecting their origin. We will not undertake to command this beautiful poem to the attention of those who sneer at all the literature of the Spirits, as very few of that class have sufficient delicacy and refinement to appreciate its merits.

To the Editor of the Union:

Sir—I have copied the following stanzas, and request that they may receive an insertion in the Union, not only on account of their high poetic merit and soft, flowing verisimilitude, but because they are from the pen of a young lady of our city, just seventeen years of age. There are several wonders attached to this production. The first, and not least remarkable, is, their close resemblance to Campbell's "Hohenlinden"—a poem of world-wide celebrity, which the writer assures me she has never read, according to her remembrance; the next remarkable point is the fact that it is her first effort; and when the high reach of thought and varied attainment exhibited throughout are taken into consideration, it is indeed most wonderful. The third and last fact I shall mention is, that it was written under the guidance and direction of the Spirits.

Washington, January 31, 1854.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

By J. C. MYERS.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy.

The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
And not a breath is heard to sigh,
Sees the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the waving waters lay;

The noon of night her mantle gay
Spreads for the sun's high blazonry.

But, glittering in that mantle bright,
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the sea of night
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallow rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her furiously!

But every sail is furled and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With parted hour of ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven,
Brightly this night your beams are given,
And proudly where your hosts are driven,
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy.

And, far and wide, a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony!

Oh! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the hustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody.

One feeble strain is all can swell
From my almost deserted shell
In mournful accents, yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously!

Oh! may I then awake forever,
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,
And as from earth's vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

ONE LAW.

Mr. EDITOR:—As I am anxious to get my one great truth or discovery before the world, I send to you to be inserted, or not, as you think proper, this communication; but, if not, please to return it by mail. I mean the grand law of electric action fully confirmed and demonstrated as the law of mind, as well as of grosser materialities, and so demonstrated, especially by "the rule and secret" of (prophetic visions, or) Apocalyptic visions."

In 1814 I witnessed an optical experiment, which in its true science and philosophy remained to me a perfect enigma till 1845. The experiment in optics was this: The room was perfectly darkened; eight candles were then lighted, and placed together so as to throw their light upon a concave mirror twelve feet distant, and two about seven feet, from the mirror. Professor Dewey then held his watch between the eight and two candles, and it appeared as a perfect watch in the focus of the mirror, thrown forward in on the air. It was matter of amusement to the class. It impressed me deeply. As the Professor put the watch into the hand of a student to hold, and, in explanation, came forward, the following dialogue took place.

Myslef.— Professor Dewey, why and how is it that the image of the watch appears thus in on the air?

Prof.— It is at the focus of the concave mirror.

Myslef.— I know that; but the expression, philosophical principle, is merely language—a straw bridge I wish to know why and now it is.

Prof.— It is one of the limits of science unknown, and perhaps ever will be.

Myslef.— Then science is not worth any thing. [I spoke partly to myself, low and sorrowfully, and looked up regretting that I had, and expected to meet a frown, but instead of it saw an approving smile.]

Illustration of a clairvoyant, 1845.—The watch is in the positive focus of an elliptical concave sphere, of which the mirror is a segment, and the image in the negative focus. The reason it is thus seen is because of the collection and infinitely rapid circulation of the materials composing the watch, seen in the medium of light, in connection with light, which is also a material, and thus acts upon the optic nerve. The reason that the rays of light in the common optical experiment, not collected at the focus, are collected at a point at an equal distance from the center, is on the same principle. There are but two foci, and here alone can the image or object be seen. All seeing is upon the elliptic, electric principle of light—all formation, sustentation, and change is through the electric, elliptic circulation of different material, carried by electric action either positive or negative, under its eternal and unchanging laws."

To the clairvoyant my formula was, "Will you, in the name of Jehovah, see to what I will you to see, and to give me its science and philosophy?"

2. In all my mesmeric or electro-biologic experiments, my formula has been, "In the name of Jehovah, I will you see," etc.; and, either in the thing as it was, or is to be itself; or in symbolic phantasmic imagery; or a phantom imagery of an ideal thing; if the thing were not a mathematical impossibility, a perfect imagery was seen by my subject, in my mind, his own, or something else. When mathematically impossible, I could never create an image of any kind. For instance, "I will, etc., you see an animal one third man, one half horse, and one fourth lion," would be followed by no image; but to the formula, "one third man, one third horse, and one third lion," or any proportion in which the fractions constitute a perfect whole, a perfect image of a perfect animal in form, action, and disposition answering to the formula. After a series of experiments I have found that the species of which, so far as we know, has never been described by the naturalist.

3. In all the cases of embryonic malformation which during my entire professional life have passed under my observation, I have found that each

one has been, as far as circumstances known could demonstrate, as was the crisis in embryonic formation into the will, sentiment, passion of the mother, and into the will, sentiment, and passion of the animal or person affecting her. I have seen a child born without legs; another with but one arm; a third with the eyes, seizes, and disposition of a fish; a fourth, the face of a fish; a fifth with the proboscis of an elephant; a sixth with pains of horse's hoof; a seventh, the arms and claws of a lobster; an eighth a compound of the man and serpent. Here, in this city, I have seen the cast of a child born in 1848, a *far-simile* of a little boy whose corpse was placed before the mother, his head having been cut just above the eye and ears entirely off by a cart-wheel. In all those cases I find the law of mind acting in electric action on animalized matter, under determinate evolution with unerring certainty. As the formula, will, sentiment, and so forth.

4. Whenever, in electro-biologic experiment and operation, I have made language a *mistake*, the result has been as the formula. I, in *lapis* *lingue*, willed a young man to be "as drunk as the devil;" he was instantly changed into the disposition, action, and spirit of a vindictive serpent.

5. All my night visions are in symbolic imagery and language, are as the formula used, to the most trifling *adverbial* word or particle. I have ascertained, by three years' observation and experiment, this important fact: that the result is most minutely and perfectly varied as was the formula. To the formula in which was inserted, "astronomic imagery," I had the imagery entirely in all its *symbolic* variety *astronomic*. The zodiac, through Aries, Taurus, Gemini, spanned the firmament from the western horizon to the zenith, its signs, degrees—all perfectly cut, and the whole in lightning gold, resting on an azure, starry sky. I was in the midst of a *day-night*—day all around me, and night in a star-spangled firmament above. The pure, fixed splendor of the gold; the purity and depth of the eternal blue of the sky; the multitude and sapphire diamond splendor of the stars; the distinctness of the constellations beggared description. As my angel—who appears as a man, sometimes calling himself a messenger, and sometimes instructing and speaking absolutely as God, "I will do it," "so it shall be"—was conversing with me and teaching me, his language, so far as prophetic, was thus written on the firmament, and when not, not. At Taurus, as his sign, was the name of the most important member of the family the subject of inquiry, and from the 20 of Gemini, my sign, my own cipher and name. The entire eastern horizon was flushed with the mellow light of a rising sun. The prophetic instructions faded at once from lightning splendor to entire extinction, and thus the last letter of my name as the vision closed. The minuteness and perfection, not less than the beauty and sublimity of the vision, deeply impressed my mind. It was in *astronomic* imagery to the letter.

In all my day visions, in which I pass sometimes instantly into the *Spirit state*, I have observed the same unchanging unalterable law. I was requested to see "what was the fate of Sir John Franklin, his vessels, and men;" I added, "and the climate and physical phenomena of the North polar regions!" All broke upon me in the order of the language. I commenced with, "at once." "I will," at once "to see, etc." I was hurried on. The imagery was grand, solemn, and sublime beyond the powers of language to describe. My flight was as rapid as thought. The little *adverbial* phrase, at once, gave an awful impetus. It was a mistake. I only intended now, and not at night or another time. I gave an account about two years since, in the columns of the *Investigator*, of this remarkable vision, and need not repeat it. Time will verify its truth. As I was standing, looking at the full clear moon rising in the eastern horizon, at the time an hour and a half high, the Scripture phrase, "Wonders in the heavens above," came into my mind. I at once, while conversing through an open door, with a person in an adjoining room, resolved it into this formula: "In the name of Jehovah, I will now to see one of the wonders of heaven above, and that my conversation be not disturbed." A sun instantly took distance an hour higher from the moon. Ascribing it to my near-sighted spectacles, I took them off. There still was the sun and moon I ascribed it to variations in the window glass, and changed from glass to glass. The phenomenon remained permanent. I said in mind, "It is a humbug," and instantly the moon appeared in her natural state. I observed, "Be not offended, I am an erring mortal; repeat the vision." It was instantly repeated. I continued, "Be not offended; give me a wonder still more marvelous, for we can see double under certain affections of the eye." The sun-moon slowly dropped into the moon; the moon became splendidly luminous; then paled to its silvery whiteness; then transparent, and the sun taking distance appeared through its center. It was truly marvelous. A clear and distinct voice said, "The sun, moon, and you are in the same right line." Impressed by so astonishing a vision, I said, "If the thing now in my mind is to be, let it be verified." The voice replied, confidently and assumingly, "You, the sun, and moon are in the same right line." The prophetic answer—yes. During the entire vision I was possessed of a double consciousness, and the conversation was not interrupted, nor the individual with whom conversing sensible of any change. From all my experiments I find a continued operation of *One Great Law*, as mathematically and unerringly perfect in *intelligibility*, as in chemical formations. I am so confident of this, that I give to the results of my formula as full confidence as to the conclusion of the most irresistible mathematical demonstration. I reason and sit in judgment on these once astounding revelations as coolly as I read and judge of the passing occurrences of the day. I have long labored to trace the *intelligence* of these revelations to my own agency alone; but I have visions I could never have conceived, and truths, facts, events made known, which I never could have penetrated. I necessarily infer an *invisible spiritual instrumental*. Who does the work? Who sends back the wonderfully exact answer, seen in symbolic language, and, when necessary, explained in the writing, printing, or utterance of my own language? In "table-tippings, rappings, etc." I have never had a full and a bidding conviction of their verity. In prophetic impulse it is absolute. In regard to the former, Mr. Faraday's experiments, however, did no more than this: *Demonstrate that when the minds of the mediums were diverted, the effects would cease*. It is the same in all combined dependent intellectual operations. Disturb the medium, and the effect ceases. This Professor Faraday did, and nothing more. It never occurred to me till this moment to make "the rapping" the subject of a formula and prophetic impulse. I will do it, and at some future communication send you the result. I would observe in conclusion, that by the phrase, "I will," I merely mean *confident, undoubting, positive*, as in walking, speaking, or any self-dependent act, and as much expect, and as sure of success, as in a will to walk or speak. The law and secret are known, the *faculty* common to man, and all of a highly instinctive intellectual development can exert it. In this way, ultimately prophecy will cease.

THE SACRED CIRCLE.

EDITED BY

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, GEO. T. DEXTER, M.D., AND OWEN G. WARREN.

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